

We send up . . .

. . . shoot down

. . . tear into

. . . and knock out

**THAT'S
LIFE**

**NEWSPAPER
POLITICS**

**COLLEGE
LIFE**

**BEAUTY QUEEN
COMPETITIONS**



MAD

№ 192

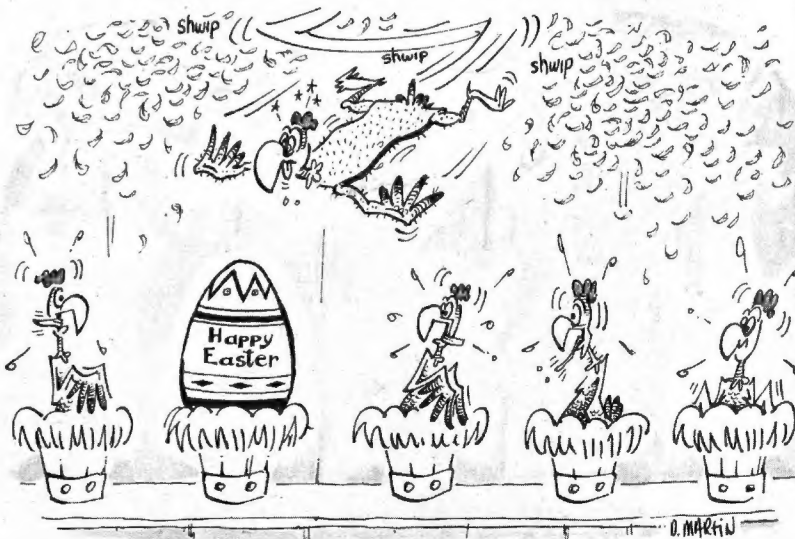
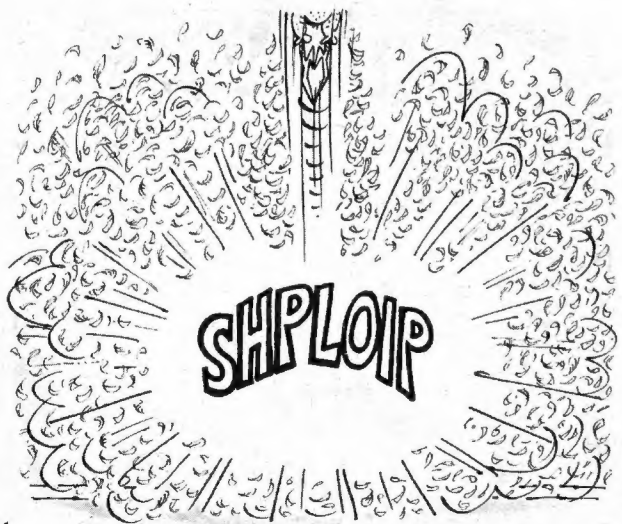
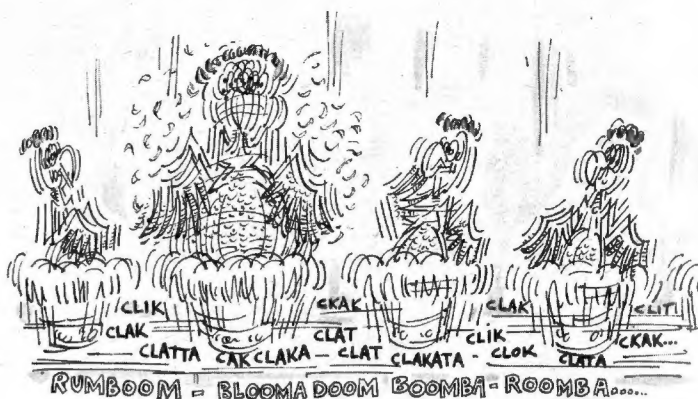
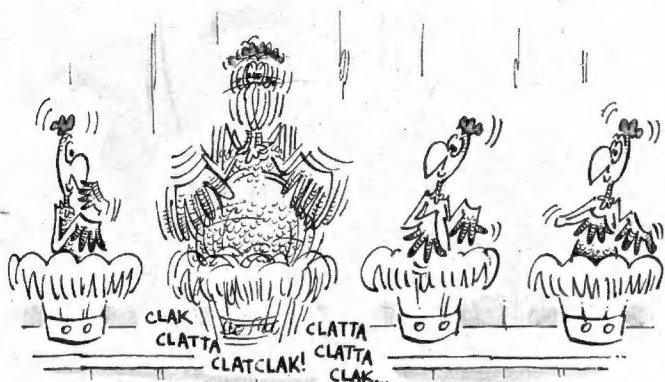
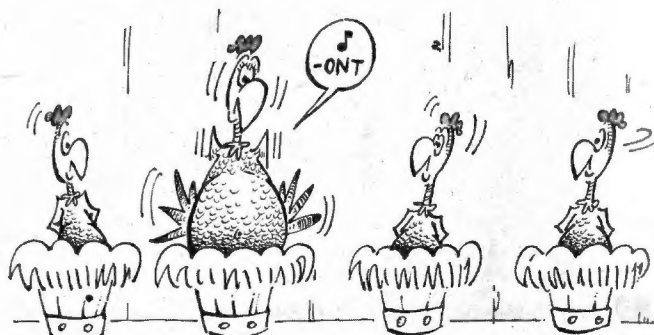
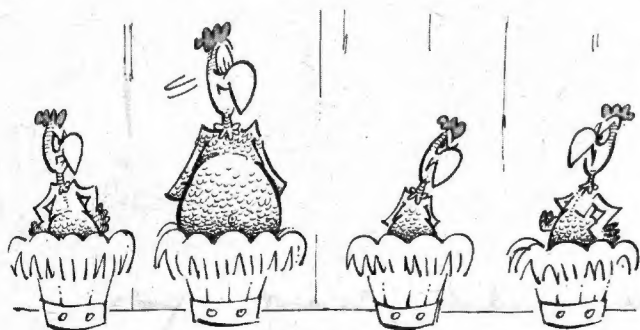
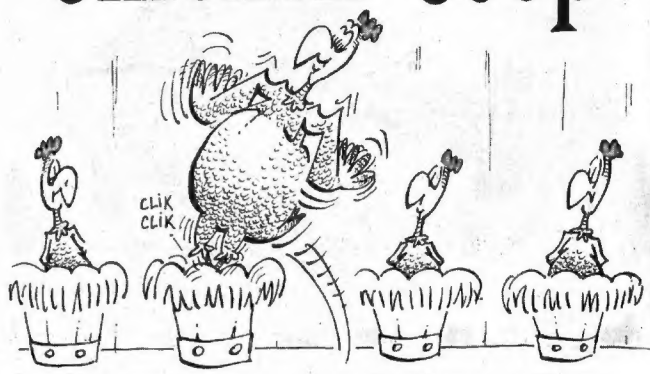
OUR PRICE
30p
ALMOST
CHEAP



JACK
RICKARD

31. E. L. LON L. A. H. E.

One Day In The "Chicken Coop"



MAD

NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

'Usually, when "Money Grows On Trees", there's a lot of grafting going on!'—Alfred E. Neuman

ALL MOUTH AND ROUSERS DEPARTMENT	
That's Life? (A MAD TV Satire)	3
RETURN TO PATENT PLACE DEPARTMENT	
More Inventions We'd Like To See	5
HEART FAILURE DEPARTMENT	
MAD's "Romance—Love—Relationship"	7
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT. PART I	
One Day In An Office	11
CLASS STRUGGLE DEPARTMENT	
A MAD Look At College Life	12
STAR CHORES DEPARTMENT	
If Celebrities Answered Their Own Fan Mail	15
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT. PART II	
Spy Vs. Spy	17
DOCKET TO 'EM DEPARTMENT	
Lawsuits We'd Like To See	18
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT. PART III	
One Fine Morning At The Tailor's	21
RETURN QUIP DEPARTMENT	
More MAD Cliche Killers	22
PUTTING ON THE HEIRS DEPARTMENT	
MAD Forms For Personalised Wills	23
FONE-BONUS DEPARTMENT	
Famous People's Telephone Answering Machine Messages	27
NAUSEOSTALGIA DEPARTMENT	
The Miss Cosmos Beauty Contest	29
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT. PART IV	
A Visit To The Dentist	34

Editor: Dez Skinn. Art Editor: Nigel Money.

The British MAD is published monthly by Top Sellers Ltd., 135-141 Wardour Street, London W1V 4QA, by arrangement with E. C. Publications Inc., N.Y. Entire contents copyright and nothing may be reproduced in any way without written permission. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. Any similarity to a living person without satiric purpose is purely coincidental. Printed in Finland. MAD in U.S.A. is published by William M. Gaines and edited by Albert B. Feldstein.

VITAL FEATURES

THAT'S LIFE?
(A MAD TV SATIRE)
Pg. 3



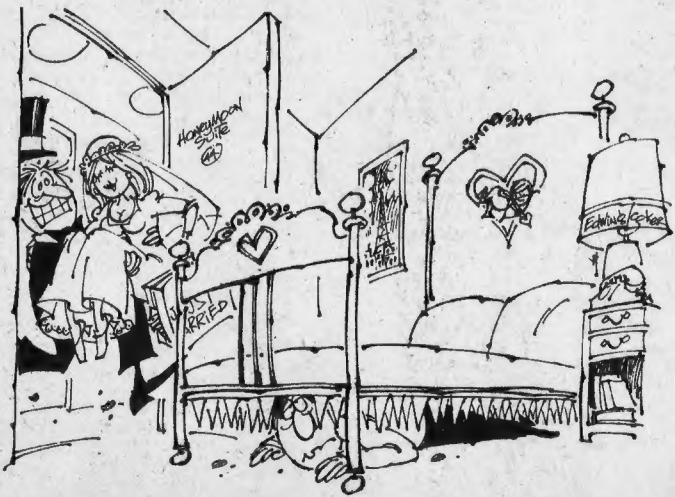
A MAD LOOK AT MODERN COLLEGE LIFE
Pg. 12

LAWSUITS WE'D LIKE TO SEE
Pg. 18



THE MISS COSMOS BEAUTY CONTEST
Pg. 29

WHY KILL YOURSELF?



JUST BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE LAST COPY ON THE BOOKSTALL?

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

and have the next issues sent directly to your home!

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS

Top Sellers Ltd.,
135-141 Wardour Street,
London W.1.

I enclose £4.56. Please send me the next 12 issues of MAD starting with Number

Name.....
Address.....

**Please note: subscriptions available within UK only.*

A MAD LOOK AT THE FINAL EPISODE OF...



Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the viewing public and my usual sycophants in the studio! Tonight we are delighted to bring you yet another 40 minutes that seems like an hour of self-indulgent puns and gossip...



... (masquerading as investigation) about people who will get absolutely no chance of answering back without being sent up by my two henchmen, Castor and Pollux...

Castor to you, chum!

And Pollux to you, mate!!



But first, here is Cyril Letcher with more communications from viewers!

Eh? What? Where am I?



This week's comical mis-spelling comes from A Myles of Neasden!

He has sent me a photo of a wall he occasionally reads!



BALS TO DENNIS HEELY

THE CAMERA, CYRIL... LOOK AT THE CAMERA!

Coo, he sounds a curious man, He must be a Wim-ble-don fan!



This week, as part of our regular actors-for-free policy we sent our cameras down to the usual street market in Shepherds Bush!



THAT'S LIFE?



Well, I'm ninety-six next birthday, and I only drink rum ... but I'll try ... Tee! Hee!



Ho! Ho! Ho! She couldn't tell cyanide from Spanish Chablis!



I am the **only** sweet, pure, innocent person left in the whole, wide world!

Next week ... **Bernard Braden!**

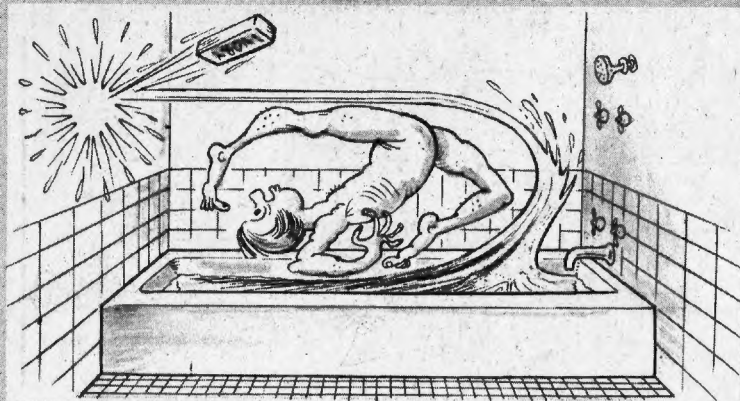


MORE INVENTIONS WE'D LIKE TOO SEE

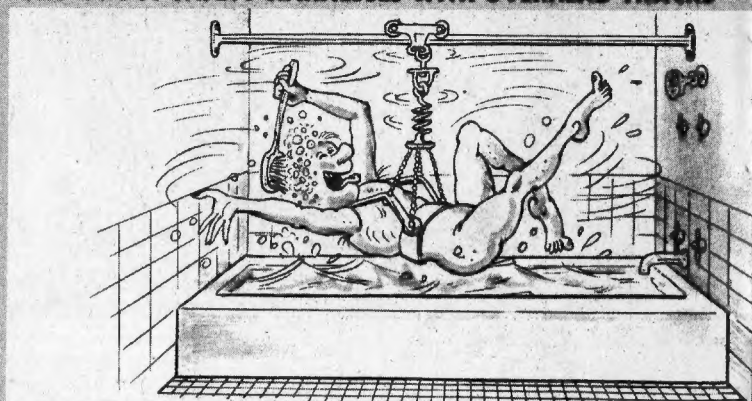
ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

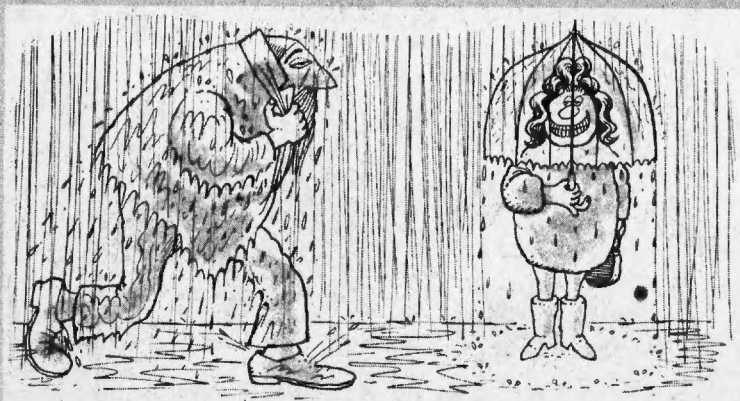
FOR ACCIDENT-PRONE BATHERS . . .



SLIP-PROOF SAFETY HARNESSES WITH OVERHEAD TRACKS



FOR CHRONIC UMBRELLA-MISPLACERS . . .



PERSONAL PORT-A-BRELLA SCABBARDS



FOR THOSE ELUSIVE, DISAPPEARING TUBE TOPS . . .



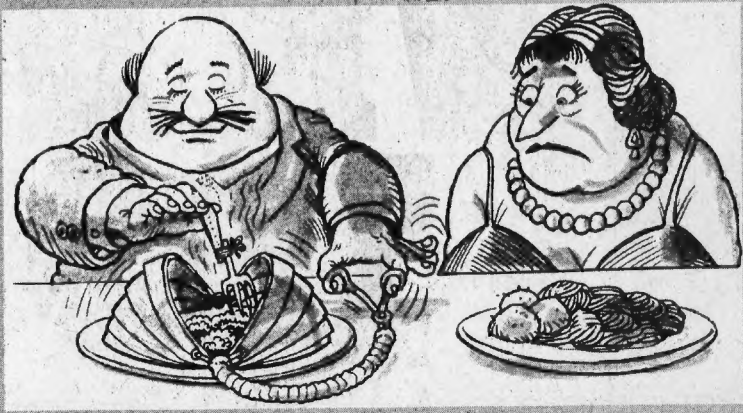
TOOTHPASTE TUBE TOP GUARDS



FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE HAVING THEIR FOOD TASTED . . .



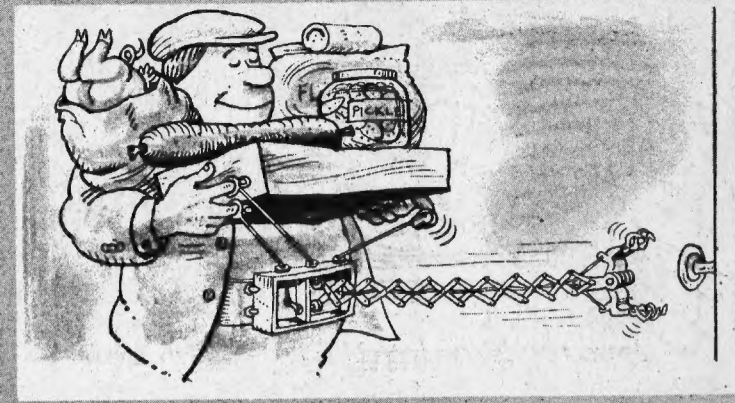
SAMPLE-PROOF PLATES



FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SELF-SLAMMING DOORS . . .



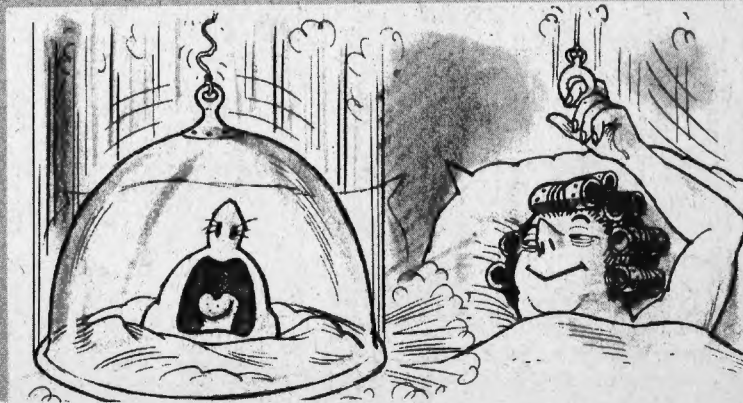
EXTENDING THIRD-ARM DOOR-HOLDERS



FOR PEOPLE CURSED WITH NOISY SLEEP MATES . . .



SOUND-PROOF ISOLATION BELLS



HEART FAILURE DEPT.

It's **ROMANCE** when you're beguiled by an introduction to a **MAD** article like this one. It's **LOVE** when you

have the blind faith to read on in the vain hope that you're going to run into something funny. And it's a

MAD'S "ROMANCE-LOVE"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

It's ROMANCE...



... when you think her hyena laugh is cute.

It's LOVE...



... when you accept that her hyena laugh is part of her personality.

It's a RELATIONSHIP..



... when you realize there's more to life than just having laughs.

It's ROMANCE...



... when you take him to meet your friends.

It's LOVE...



... when you take him to meet your family.

It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when you take him to meet your analyst.

It's ROMANCE...



... when you get excited watching his favorite football team on TV.

It's LOVE...



... when you become as excited a fan as he is.

It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when you realize that's the high point of your excitement together.



RELATIONSHIP when you get through the entire article and you realize you've been duped again, but you still keep buying the magazine for some strange reason you can't explain. All of which is our way of introducing

RELATIONSHIP" BOOK

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

It's ROMANCE...



... when you lie to him about your age.

It's LOVE...



... when you lie to him about your age, and he knows you're lying.

It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when you tell him your real age, and he wishes you were still lying.

It's ROMANCE...



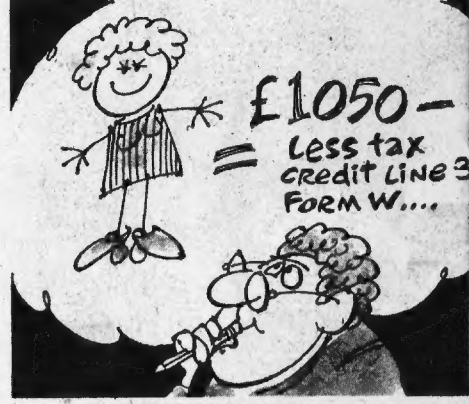
... when you plan your week-end around her.

It's LOVE...



... when you plan your lifetime around her.

It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when you plan your income tax return around her.

It's ROMANCE...



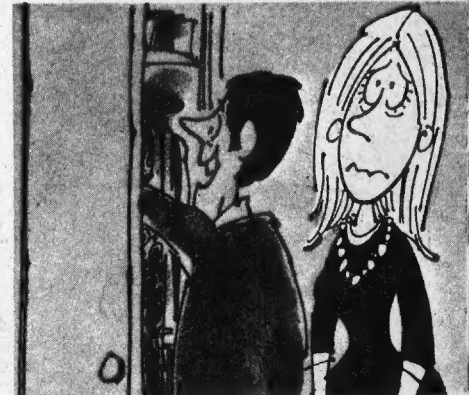
... when he loves the way you dress.

It's LOVE...



... when he helps you pick out clothes at the store.

It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when he asks you if sometimes he can wear them.

It's ROMANCE . . .



... when you surprise him with a birthday gift.

It's LOVE...



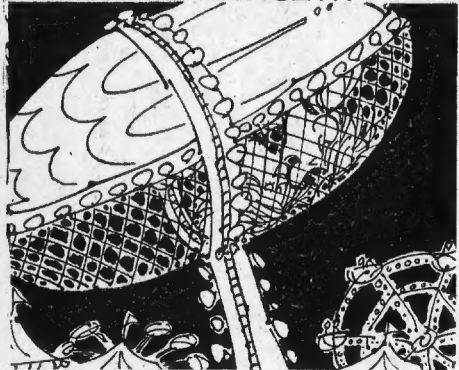
... when you don't mind that he doesn't like it.

It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when he asks you to return it.

It's ROMANCE...



... when it makes no difference where you spend your vacation.

It's LOVE...



... when you want to go camping and she wants to go sailing . . . and you give in and go sailing.

It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when you want to go camping, and she wants to go sailing . . . and you go camping . . . and she goes sailing.

It's ROMANCE...



... when she thinks you're the greatest lover in the world.

It's LOVE...



... when she accepts the fact that even the greatest lover in the world can't perform occasionally.

It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when you spend a lot of time reminiscing.

It's ROMANCE...



... when you spend a lot of time talking about love.

It's LOVE...

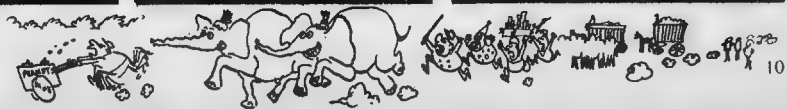
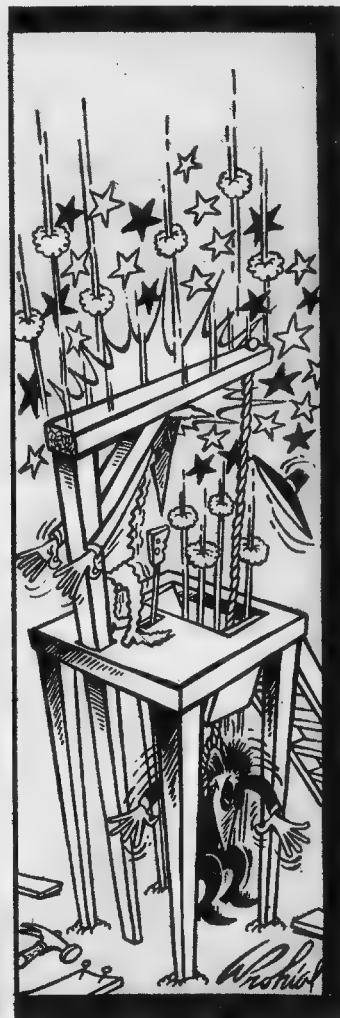
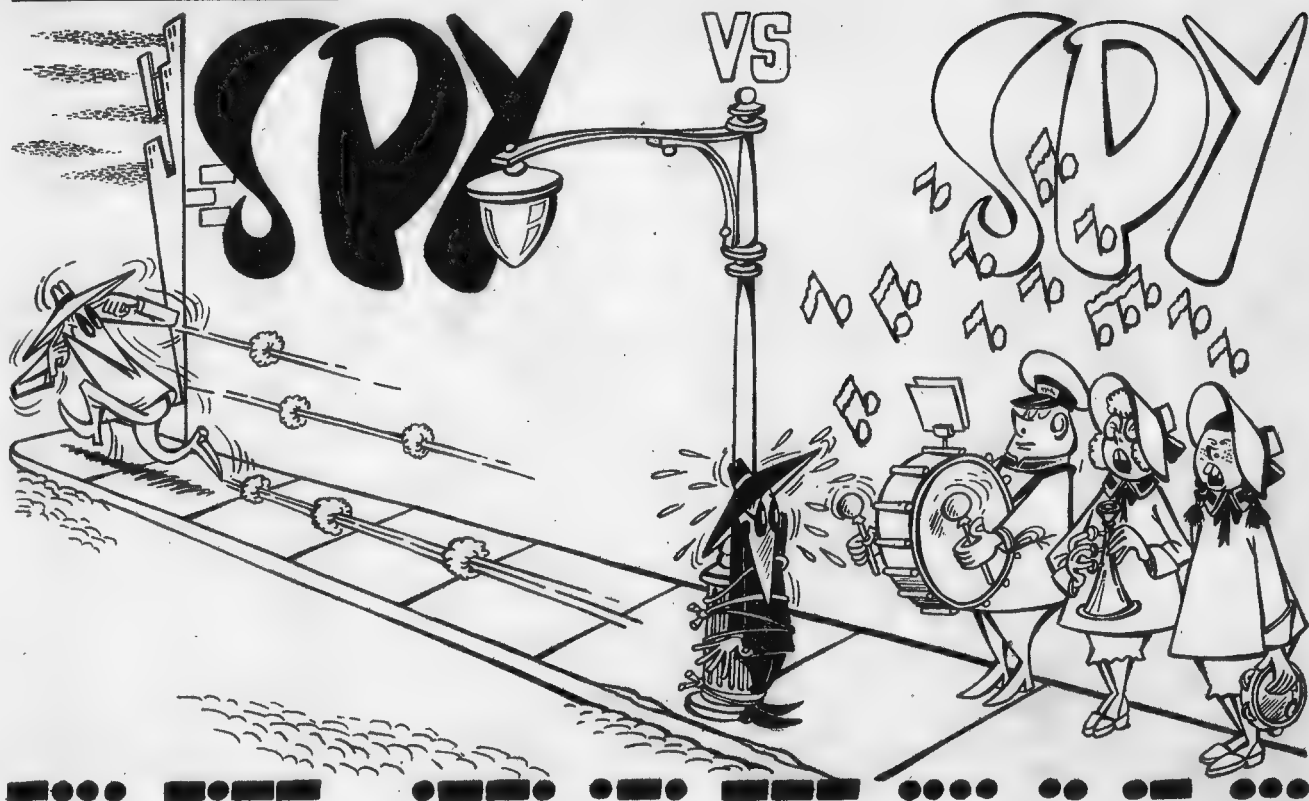


... when you spend a lot of time talking about a relationship.

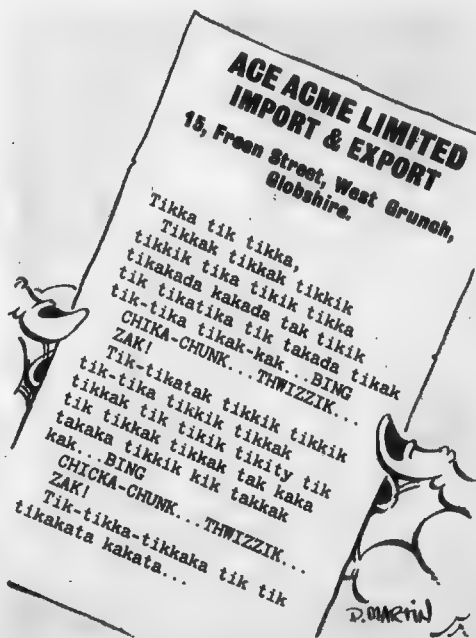
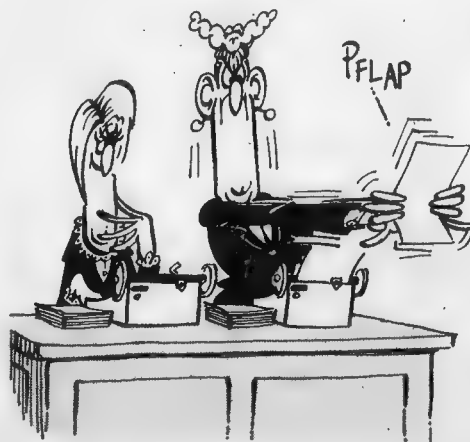
It's a RELATIONSHIP...



... when you spend a lot of time talking about your weight.



ONE DAY IN AN OFFICE



A MAD LOOK AT MODERN COLLEGE LIFE

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE.

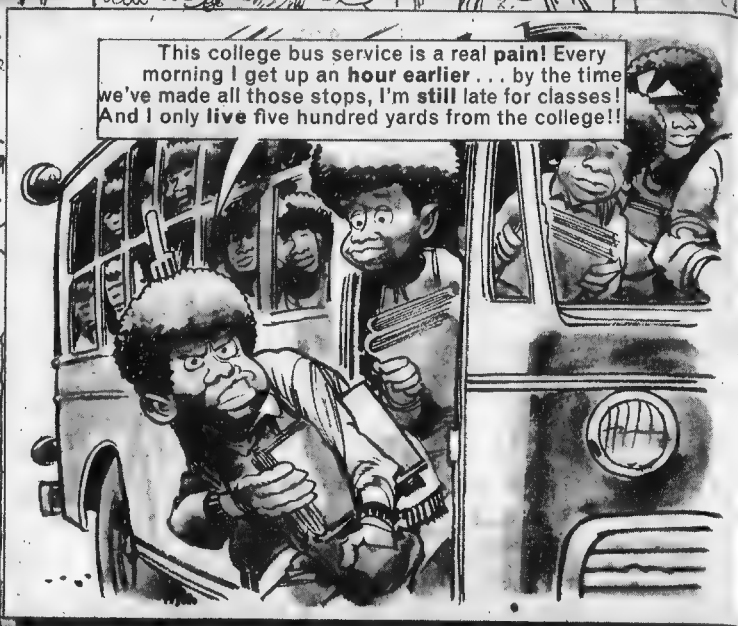




Hey, you! How come you don't wear a College jacket? You should be proud! We're undefeated!

Undefeated?! That stupid Football Team hasn't won a game yet!

Yeah... but we're undefeated in the "After Game Riots"!



This college bus service is a real pain! Every morning I get up an hour earlier... by the time we've made all those stops, I'm still late for classes! And I only live five hundred yards from the college!!



Have a beer! No, I'm afraid!

You're too scared to drink beer?!

It's not that! If I drink beer, I have to go to the toilet! And in this dump, that's the one place I'm afraid to go!



I wish we were given time to pray in college!

I thought you were an atheist!

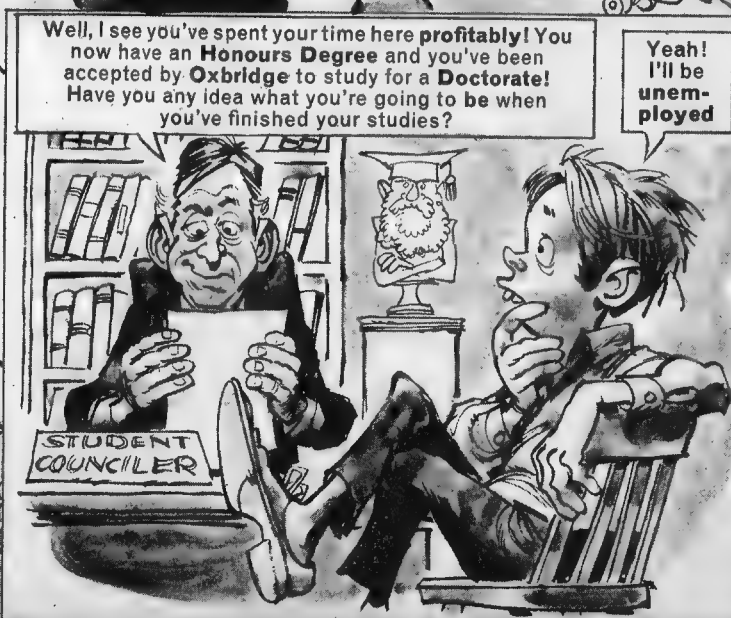
There are no atheists during finals!



Do you realize how much this computer cost the taxpayers... and you kids hardly touch it!!

That thing is a ripoff, Teach!

Yeah! It can't even pick one score draw for us in the Football Pools



Well, I see you've spent your time here profitably! You now have an Honours Degree and you've been accepted by Oxbridge to study for a Doctorate! Have you any idea what you're going to be when you've finished your studies?

Yeah! I'll be unemployed

Of course, I believe in Free Speech! But the answer is still **NO!** The cheering section cannot spell out **"EASTERN SUCKS!"** I'm surprised at you! The Student Representative... cheating!



I really hate these mixed P.E. classes

Are you off your head? Don't you like girls in shorts?

Yeah, but it's ruining my image getting beaten in Volleyball by a team of women!



I've got some good news and some bad news! First the good news! Some of the students actually used the new set of encyclopaedias

That's splendid! Now... what's the bad news...?

Seven volumes are missing!

QUIET



I must say, I'm surprised! You, the Class President... cheating!

So, how do you think I got elected Rep?



What did your Mother say when you didn't come home all night?

She didn't say anything! She was away for the week-end with her boyfriend!

Boy, you're lucky! I wish MY parents were divorced!



We have got to do something about all this "CUTTING"!!

But students have always cut classes!

Who's talking about students? I mean the **TEACHERS!!**



If any of you have ever been dumb enough to write a fan letter to a celebrity, you know the standard procedure. After a couple of months, if you're lucky, you might receive an answer . . . which is usually a form letter something like this:

From The Desk of LEE MARVIN

Dear Eugene:

It was great hearing from you. I didn't know I had so many fans in Pittsfield, Massachusetts

No matter how much fan mail I get, I always try to answer each and every one. Because I figure that the people "out there" are what's really important.

When you're in the Hollywood area, why don't you drop by and say, "Hi!"...and If I'm not too busy, I'll say "Hi!" right back. Believe me, if it weren't for fans like you, I wouldn't be where I am today.

So thanks for your loyal support, Eugene

Yours truly,

Lee Marvin

Now it's pretty obvious that a secretary or a studio publicity department sends out these impersonal form letters and the celebrity never even sees them. Which brings us to this article. We at MAD think it would be much more interesting . . .

IF CELEBRITIES ANSWERED THEIR OWN FAN MAIL

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

GERALD FORD

Palm Springs, CA.

Miss Valerie Drenf
98 North Laurel St.
Utica, New York

Dear Miss Drenf,

Thank you for your nice note.

At the end of a busy day, it
pick up pen and ink and
letters that have been in the
air.

your continued support and confidence
in the days and years ahead.

Very truly yours,
Gerald R. Ford

From The Office Of SIR Harold Wilson

Sidney Beamish
21 Church Street
Stoke-on-Trent

Dear Party Member,

I received your letter this morning and I was pleased to hear that you have enjoyed my appearance on the "Party Political Broadcast" TV programmes. You will doubtless be delighted to know that I now have my own series in which I discuss where my predecessors went wrong.

On the other hand, Paddy and I have refused numerous offers to do TV commercials advertising leading dog foods—we leave that sort of thing to the Liberal Party—and with my autobiography soon to be published, I can honestly say I've never had it so good.

In closing, I'd just like to say—and I think I said this before at the Brighton Conference—Thank You and keep that praise pouring in.

Yours truly,
SIR Harold

MEL BROOKS

MELCROFT PRODUCTIONS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Sedgwick Taylor
42 Paseo Nuevo Drive
Santa Barbara, Calif.

To One of California's Leading Gentiles,

Hey, you're a sweetheart. I love a good fan letter like I love a good corned beef sandwich on rye. With a cream soda to wash it down, and maybe a nice nectarine. I figure any kid who spills his guts out to a Jewish maniac can't be all bad. Even though you're probably sitting there, wearing a seersucker suit and factory outlet shoes.

You've got a lot of talent, Sedgwick. You're a great writer. Better than Shakespeare! I mean it!! Shakespeare was a terrible writer. Did you ever SEE his handwriting? Shakespeare never crossed his "T"s or dotted his "I"s. But, you, Sedgwick, you've got a curve... a flow... a niceness... a roundness to your penmanship. Such a roundness I haven't seen since those twisted pretzels I stole from Feingold's Candy Store on Orchard Street.

So what can I tell you, but... Hey, have a nice life! I love you! I love your penmanship! I love your face! And I hope an ex-Nazi Storm Trooper never dances across your Sister-In-Law!

mel Brooks

P.S. Under separate cover, I am sending you a ton of halvah... would you believe. from Zabar's!

Philip Jenkinson Radio Times, BBC Publications, London.

Patrick Donovan
7 Wilderness Ave.,
Gillingham,
Kent.

Dear Patrick,

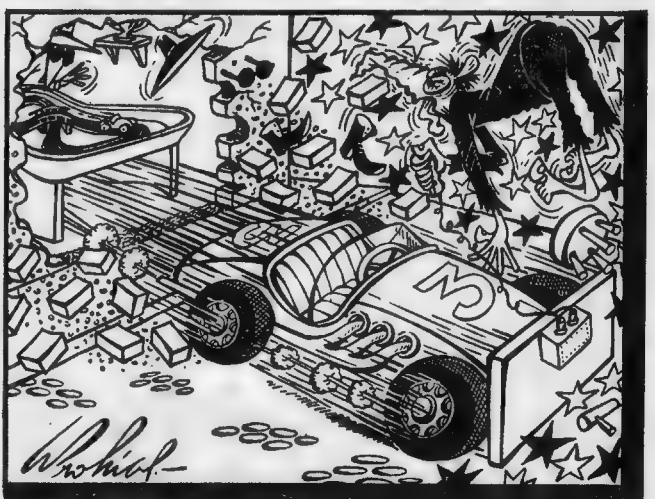
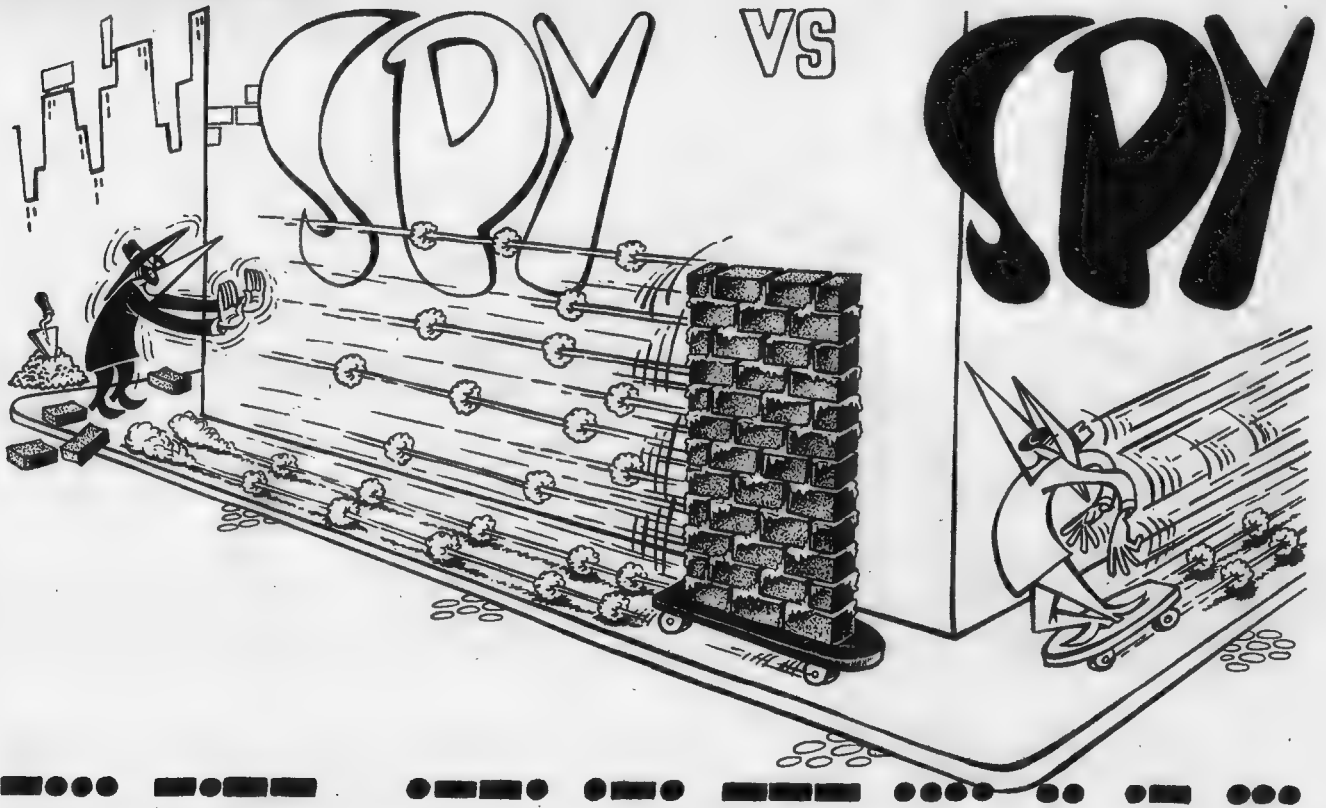
Your letter missed by a mile! It was one of the ten worst letters I've read this year! The plot and direction were't too bad but the script was so hackneyed, so cumbersome, so heavy-handed, so totally lacking in originality that I walked out in the middle of it. (Which was difficult, since I was reading it on a train from East Grinstead to London.)

It's just barely possible that this low-budget letter (the 8 1/4" x 11 1/2" 3-holed loose-leaf paper was a dead giveaway!) could have been a mildly amusing, free-wheeling comedy piece (the opening paragraph requesting a lock of my underarm hair showed wit and promise!), but sadly, your letter emerged as a tired, trite, dreary excursion into boredom.

Better luck next time out!

Very truly yours,

P. Jenkinson





Are you sick of those big, arrogant institutions and all the incompetence, indifference and indignities they've heaped upon you over the years? No? Oh, no point in reading on then. However, if you ARE sick of those big, arrogant institutions and all the incompetence, indifference and indignities they've heaped upon you over the years, how would you like to do something about it? Well, now you CAN! All you have to do is round up a couple of hundred other victims who are just as hopping mad as you are, hire a solicitor to file the legal briefs, and gain satisfaction and self-respect by throwing the book at the guilty parties. So, for all you people who thought their hands were tied, MAD magazine presents. . .

LAWSUITS

We'd Like To See

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH



In The
Bloomsbury and Marylebone
County Court
Between

THE CONFUSED CONSUMERS OF
TELEVISIONLAND
....., Plaintiff

and

THE FORKED TONGUED
ADVERTISING AGENCIES
....., Defendant

Herein charged with:
Telling baldfaced lies
for fun and profit



HAVING ESTABLISHED that all aspirin
is really alike, and

HAVING ESTABLISHED that ugly men who
use expensive after-shave lotion still
wind up with ugly girls, and

HAVING ESTABLISHED that results of
petrol economy runs are never duplicated
by normal people driving normal cars,

THE PLAINTIFFS now seek redress of
grievances against all named defendants in
the form of (1) prompt refund of money as
promised by advertising copywriters, and
(2) prompt imprisonment of advertising
copywriters as provided by the fraud laws.



In The
East Grinstead
County Court
Between

**THE SOCIETY OF
IMPATIENT PATIENTS** .., Plaintiff

and

**THE INDIFFERENT MEMBERSHIP
OF THE B.M.A.** .., Defendant

Summary of Charges Being Brought
Herein: Utilising arrogance
to reduce patients to
blubbing vegetables.



DETERMINING beyond all doubt that doctors arrogantly schedule all appointments in a manner calculated to keep infected patients crowded together in waiting rooms for long periods of time, and

DETERMINING FURTHER that said periods of anxious waiting time are designed to stupify patients into quick acceptance of mis-diagnosis and incorrect treatment.

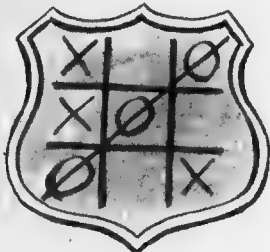
NOW, THEREFORE, said patients demand that the court awards damages against the defendant based on the following tariff:

Forced waiting time beyond a scheduled appointment hour—£1.00 per minute

Contagious diseases caught from other waiting patients—£50.00 per illness

Receiving prescription for drug that worsens condition—£25.00

Ego destroyed by doctor's standard office procedures—£100.00



In The
Durham
County Court
Between

DISCONNECTED TELEPHONE

SUBSCRIBERS ANONYMOUS
(Plaintiff)

and

THE DISINTERESTED EMPLOYEES

OF THE G.P.O.
(Defendant)

The Charge as detailed
Herein:

Behaving like a bunch of
***** for no good reason!



THE AGGRIEVED PLAINTIFFS come now before this court to seek compensation from the defendants after suffering suspension of telephone service for any or all of the following invalid reasons:

1. Customer refusal to pay for operator-asisted call to the wrong number in the wrong code area.

2. Voicing complaint about perpetual quarterly charges for extention phone that was never ordered.

3. Resisting acceptance of reverse-charge calls from unknown parties who were trying to reach someone else anyway.

4. Objecting to extra charge for restoration of service after it was disconnected for any of the above listed reasons.



In The
Aberdeen
County Court
Between

**THE HACKED-OFF GRADUATES
OF HACKSBURY COLLEGE**

(Plaintiff)

and

**THE HACKED-OUT ADMINISTRATION
OF HACKSBURY COLLEGE**

(Defendant)

General Allegations
Brought Forth:
Offering a 3 year course
that qualifies students for
a lifetime on the dole.



WHEREAS the plaintiffs have spent 3 years sitting through such required courses as "Introduction to French Poetry", "Intermediate Anthropology" and "Advanced Urban Problem Solving" and

WHEREAS knowledge acquired in said courses has proved utterly worthless in obtaining better jobs than those available to comprehensive school drop-outs,

THE PLAINTIFFS do, therefore, each demand damage payments in the amount of £10,000 per annum until reaching the normal age of retirement, if they could ever find a decent job to retire from, which they can't.



In The
Solihull
County Court
Between

**THE ALLIANCE OF HARRASSED
CREDIT CARD HOLDERS**

(Plaintiff)

and

**THE COMPUTERISED CREDIT
CARD BILLING COMPANIES**

(Defendant)

Summary of Charges:
Lots of illegal stuff arising
from defendants' refusal to
admit that their computers are
complete idiots.



AS PARTIAL REPAYMENT for outrages suffered by the plaintiffs at the hands of the defendants, cash awards based on the following tariff are demanded for each proven case of computerised larceny:

1. Plaintiff billed for more than 500 gallons of petrol, all allegedly pumped into the same car on the same date—£100.

2. Exorbitant statement presented for motel rooms in a town where the plaintiff has never been—£150.

3. Automatically placing bills for several credit card holders in the same envelope, and demanding that recipient pay all of them—£225.

4. Instance of a computer adding two single digit numbers together, and getting a total of more than 1,000,000—£400.

5. Contention that the card holder kept eating the same meal in the same restaurant on the same day until the charges exceeded £500—£1,000.



ONE FINE SUNNY MORNING AT THE NEIGHBOURHOOD TAILORS

I tell you, you couldn't find a better fit in an overcoat. All that's necessary is to take it up a little in the length, and it will be perfect!



RETURN QUIP DEPARTMENT

A few issues ago, we presented a whole new bunch of smart-alec retorts in the now-classic "MAD's Cliché Killers" series. Because that feature proved as popular as ever, and having a page to fill this issue, we now present . . .

MORE MAD CLICHÉ KILLERS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: STAN HART

SHOPPING IN A DEPARTMENT STORE



GETTING ARRESTED





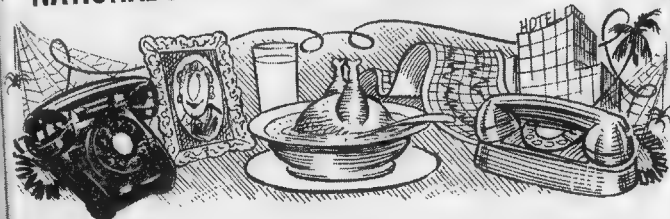
Modern Society demands that our lives conform to set patterns. And, worse yet, we aren't even allowed to stop conforming after we die. That's because the Wills we leave behind are drawn up by lawyers who all write the same legal-ese double talk. Every "whereas" is identically placed, and only a few different names prevent one Will from looking exactly like every other one. We here at MAD now offer you the opportunity to be a rugged individualist before you die . . . and also afterward. So just rip out and fill in your own appropriate selection from the following assortment of

MAD FORMS FOR PERSONALIZED WILLS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: TOM KOCH

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF UNAPPRECIATED MOTHERS



LAST SIMPLE REQUESTS THAT CERTAINLY WON'T PUT ANYBODY OUT

To My Beloved Children:

1. See? Didn't I tell you I'd die? Well, now you know I wasn't exaggerating. Maybe next time you'll take a minute to listen when a person has symptoms.
2. Make sure I get laid out wearing gloves. Heaven forbid that your friends should see how rough and red my hands got from all those years of keeping house for you, not that I ever once complained.
3. Don't waste your good money on sending flowers to me at the mortuary. Use it to buy something nice for yourselves, as usual.
4. Getting to the only part of this you care about, namely who inherits my money, the answer is nobody. For once, I've decided to put my own wishes first and

- (A) _____ take it with me.
- (B) _____ buy a comfortable, furnished mausoleum.
- (C) _____ have my body sent on a world cruise.
- (D) _____ spend my winters in a Florida cemetery.

(CHECK ONE)

(a/k/a Mom)

LAST WILL AND PRESS RELEASE OF AN INCUMBENT POLITICIAN

First, let me silence the vicious lies being spread by the opposition about the effect of my recent death on my future political plans. Let me assure you that I still intend to run for re-election in 19_____, so I may continue to serve my constituents as capably as I have in the past.

Meanwhile, I am proud to announce that my estate is to be distributed with the same openhanded generosity and lack of prejudice that were my loveable trademarks when I was still alive.

Recalling that some of my best friends were

I leave the sum of £_____ to the "Loyal Sons Of _____", and all the wonderful foreigners who compose its membership.

To _____, who has always been a credit to his race, I bequeath £_____.

And to help him overcome his ethnic disadvantages, I leave _____ the sum of £_____.

Whatever funds remain shall be spent on having my private papers shredded.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WHILE I'M AWAY LEFT BY NOTED SPIRITUALIST



1. By the time you read this, I will have departed for the Other Side of the Cosmos, where I plan to stay until 19____, when I shall return as:

- ☐ Prince _____, rightful heir to the throne of _____
- ☐ Inter-Planetary Space Flight Cadet _____
- ☐ _____, winner of the 19____ Kentucky Derby.

2. Until then, please see to it that my estate is put into sound, conservative investments. I would hate to return and find myself so broke that I'd have to start all over again.

3. If you need to get in touch with me about anything in the meantime, just knock three times on the dining room table, and I'll hurry back.

4. Please don't clown around by knocking on the table just to show off for your friends, as I don't want to stop what I'm doing and have to rush back here every time I hear some idiot knocking.

Until we meet again,

ALL-NEW REVISED EDITION! Last Will & Testament Of Talented Author:

"HIS
BEST WILL
YET!"
—Toledo
Tribune

"Well
Worth
Reading!"
—ALTOONA
ADVOCATE

"TENSE
WITH
SUSPENSE!"
—Chattanooga
Choo-Choo

It is the best of times. It is the worst of times. A tragic sense of personal loss is sure to hang heavy in the air as this document is opened and read. Even as total strangers, those gathered in the room will share the realization that a figure of towering literary magnitude has been snatched from their midst.

Yet, as each gut tightens into a knot of despair, a bright glimmer will somehow pierce the darkness. After all, the deceased has chosen one of those gathered for this Will reading to be his sole beneficiary. Someone here is destined to become wealthy.

But which one? Will it be his mousy but devoted _____? What about his ne'er-do-well _____? Or could it possibly be _____, the vibrant and mysterious _____, with whom the deceased supposedly _____ whenever he chanced to be passing through _____?

Deep in their hearts, those gathered should have sensed that the one he chose could only have been _____.

THE HEIRS AND INHERITORS TOUT SHEET

**HOT, INSIDE
TIPS ON THE
ESTATE OF
HONEST BOOKIE**

Today's top event is the "Divvying Up Of The Purse Of The Deceased," a Claiming Race carrying a First Prize money of £..... With a large field of entries expected to turn out for this Will Reading, most late starters are relegated to the ranks of the longshots, and only a few favourites emerge. Here's the line-up:

ENTRY	ODDS	EXPERT OPINION
(1) GRIEVING WIDOW	6-5	Has inside track record against the field.
(2) GREEDY OFFSPRING	3-1	Tried to look better in recent outings.
(3) SECRET LOVER	7-2	Moving up fast. Could take it all.
(4) DISTANT COUSIN	30-1	No chance unless favourites falter.
(5) WORTHY CHARITY	100-1	Rank outsider outmatched by the field.

And the Winner is... !!!

BROTHERHOOD OF SUPER-SALESMEN OFFICIAL WILL FORM



Have I got a deal for you!

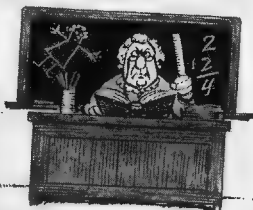
To prove that you're getting in on a good thing, just as you always did when I was alive, let's begin this Giant Estate Clearance by offering my valuable _____ my beloved _____. Please notice that this is no ordinary _____. It comes with a fully equipped _____, not to mention a Lifetime Warranty.

Also, we'll be clearing out my beautiful _____, which was so often admired by good ol' _____, and my stylishly fashioned _____, which I always hoped would eventually go to _____, God love him.

Now that I've departed, these fine quality, near-new items are being offered to the named recipients **BELOW DEALER'S COST!** This is a **BUYING OPPORTUNITY** you lucky beneficiaries **CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!** So **ACT QUICKLY** by signing the purchase contracts handed to you by my honest Estate Executor.
(NO MONEY DOWN to Heirs with approved credit!)



ASSOCIATION OF



FRUMPY TEACHERS

FINAL WILL & EXAMINATION HANDED OUT BY MISS

INSTRUCTIONS

Sit up straight and pay attention to this Will. If you don't understand a bequest, go on to the next one. Anyone caught fidgeting gets disinherited.

1. The deceased owned _____ acres of land. She sold _____ percent of it to Farmer Jones, and is leaving the rest to her favourite nephew. How many acres will the nephew get?
2. The dearly departed is dividing her £ _____ worth of stocks and £ _____ worth of bonds equally among her _____ heirs. How much will each receive?
3. To her faithful companion of many years, _____, the deceased is leaving her furniture, including an ottoman and a chaise-longue, and her jewellery including a tiara and an amethyst brooch. Close your eyes and spell each of the items the faithful companion receives.
4. Add up your scores. Those whose scores place them in the bottom third must stay after the Will Reading and write lines.

Signed with beautiful penmanship by _____

PLAY FUNERAL SWEEPSTAKES!

WIN AN ESTATE WORTH
OVER £ _____!

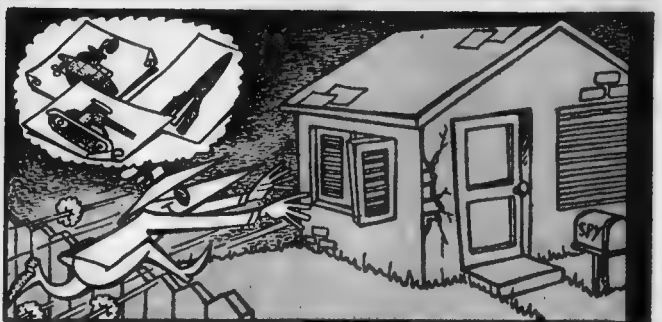
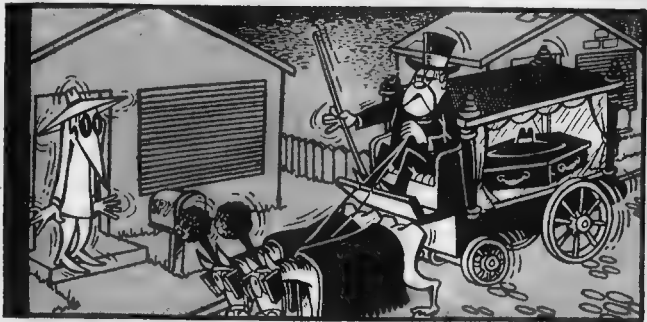
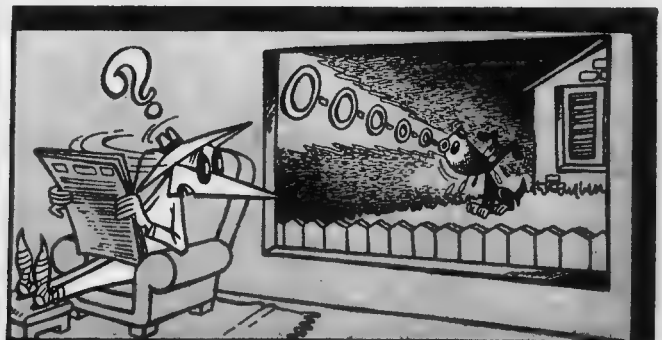
SPONSORED BY
Lately-Departed Game Show Host



RULES FOR PARTICIPATING MOURNERS

1. Finalists in the fun battle for top money shall consist of the three relatives at my funeral who are deemed to be the funniest looking.
2. As play begins, three closed coffins will be wheeled into the Slumber Room of the Morgue. One. Coffin contains the final remains of Yours Truly. One contains a pair of return airline tickets to exotic _____. The third contains the Grand Prize, my entire estate in cash!
3. While Reverend _____ spins the giant Eulogy Wheel, each player will try to guess the number of trite cliches written into the Reverend's prepared text. The player coming closest gets first choice of coffins.
4. After the lucky winners collect their prizes, the unlucky relative who has chosen the coffin containing the deceased must fork over £ _____ to pay for a cemetery plot, and to hire the heavy mob to whisk away Reverend _____ before he has a chance to deliver the eulogy.

SPY VS SPY



Whistling

Telephone answering devices are becoming more and more popular. Millions of people are buying them, including some who don't even have phones! Now that's popular!! One of the great things about these recording devices is that people get to leave personalised messages. In order to show you how interesting and different these personalised messages can be, we decided to telephone several famous people to find out what their answering messages are like. But since we couldn't get hold of their telephone numbers, and since trunk calls are so expensive, we did what we usually do! Mainly, we called in writers who promptly made up all these . . .

FAMOUS PEOPLE ANSWERING

Hello! This is **ex-President Ford** speaking! I'm sorry I can't come to the phone right now but I'm either playing golf in Palm Springs . . . skiing in Vail . . . or falling down a flight of stairs somewhere! If you will please leave your name and number at the sound of the beep I will stumble back to you as soon as I can!

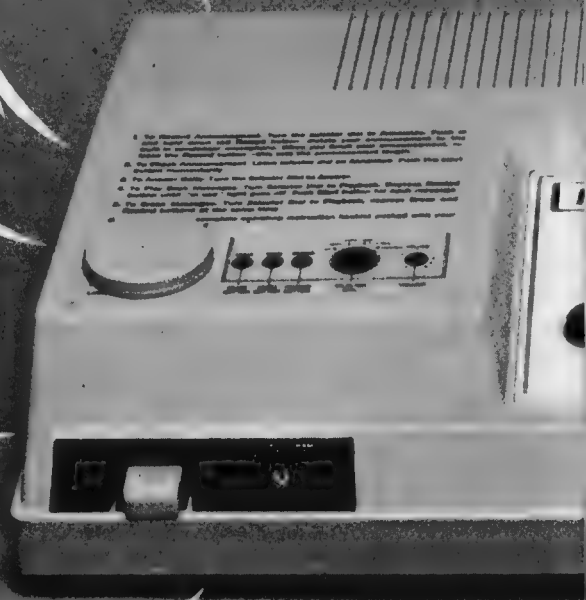
Hi, **Telly Savalas** here, Koochey-coo! Pity I can't be here in person but I'm busy recording a new series of Kojak. I should be through in about half an hour, so if ya wanna leave your name and number, maybe I'll get back to you. Maybe! After all, when you're a superstar, you don't have to return every call from every nobody who rings! So as my producer says when he sees me, "Who needs ya, baby?" Unless you've gotten a song I could recite on my next record.

Er . . . umm . . . this is . . . **Peter . . . Falk** here! Me an' my wife . . . y'see, we're bot' out right now and . . . er . . . dere's just dis one t'ing dat's been botherin' me . . . how come you know my phone number when even I don't. My wife always says I forget everyt'ing but don't worry about me forgetting to phone you back . . . I'll . . . er . . . I'll just wait for you to ring again . . . and I'll er . . . trick you into making a full confession.

Hullo dere. Dis am **Idi Amin**, King o' de Worl' talkin' at you. An' you better show de proper amount o' respec' to a Worl' Leader o' my standin', odderwise I is goin' to be makin' de short trip out o' de Repubberlick o' Uganda wid a coupla de big lads and you is gonna disappear in de night pretty damn sharp. So jus' watch your mouf, see? When you hear de Deaff Scream o' de Rebel Leader, jus' say your message an' make it quick or you is gonna be incarcerated in de luxury Kampala dungeon!

Hello! This is **Jessica Lange**! I bought this telephone answering machine because I just knew that after my appearance in "King Kong," my phone would be ringing off the hook with fabulous offers! So please leave your name and phone number, and I'll get back to you as soon as time permits! Probably within the next two minutes!

This is **Pam Ayres** speakin' but Oi'm out roight now. Oi promise that Oi'll ring you if moy schedule will allow. Oi've gone out on me Boicoycle, for to 'ave a roide. And though Oi fall off often, Oi 'urt nothin' but me proide. So, when Oi've finished talkin' and you 'ear that noisy tone, Repeat your message clearly down the roight end of the phone. And if you leave a message which is spoken all in rhyome, Oi'll put it in me new book which is out in three weeks toime.





OPLE'S TELEPHONE MACHINE MESSAGES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

This is **Erica Jong**! I don't answer my phone any more because I'm sick of people calling and criticizing me for my loose morals! However, if you're not going to go into that ridiculous nonsense, please leave your name and number! And if you're a man between the ages of 28 and 38, please leave a complete description of what you look like, and what you like to do . . . even the kinky stuff! Especially the kinky stuff . . .!!

This is **Billy Graham**! I'm sorry I'm not in right now to help you with your problem, but perhaps God wanted me to be out! Perhaps He wanted me to be out so you could turn to Him for guidance, confident in the knowledge that He will never let you down! So why leave a message for me when you can talk directly to Him? And He's never out!

Good evening! This is **Vincent Price**. I'm sorry I can't be with you in the flesh tonight but I assure you I am with you in spirit. The reason for my absence is really quite simple . . . y'see, I heard that Woolworth's are having a mid-night fire sale on torture instruments . . . and I've been asked to start the fire. I'm sure you understand. So, if you would like to leave a message, either scrawl it on a tombstone in blood, or scream it out on a dark, stormy night when the wind howls through the trees like a demented banshee! Alternatively you could speak your message in a loud, clear voice when you hear the sound of the creaking door.

Heeyyyy! Dis is **Henry "Da Fonz" Winkler** talkin'! What kind of nerd rings up while Da Fonz is away H'mm? Okay, turkey, pin your ears back and listen good. If you are a lady then leave your phone number, vital statistics and name, in that order, and I'll get back to you. Whoahh! But if you're a guy, then don't leave your number as Da Fonz gets real mad when turkeys waste his time . . .

Hello, this is **Hughie Green**. I'm really sorry I can't be at home to accept your really terrific telephone call. It really is super that you could find time to call, and I mean that most sincerely . . . But if you really want to make sure I get your message, then jot it down on a postcard only and send it to this address, to reach me not later than first post Monday, friend, and I want to hear from you, I really do! Remember, it's your message that counts . . .

Hi! This is **Bob Guccione**, Editor and Publisher of "Penthouse Magazine." I can't come to the phone right now, and if you were doing what I'm doing, you wouldn't want to come to the phone either!



Over a decayed decade ago, in fact one century, one score and ten issues back, we (with our usual subtle, playful humour) observed the way beauty competitions were becoming such a joke even MAD couldn't take the mickey out of them. So we decided to move one step beyond the absurdities. Now the time seems apt to once more remind you of our grim warning. Our warning that with the proliferation of communications satellites and transcontinental hook-ups, it can't be long before greedy advertisers and lame-brained TV programme planners throughout the world put their heads together and come up with something like . . .

MISS COSMOS BEAUTY CONTEST

Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen! Yes—tonight is the night . . . the culmination of weeks and months of frantic searching and auditioning and eliminating . . . to find "Miss Cosmos of 1967"! Ah—there's something stirring in the air tonight! But, then, there always is when you have an auditorium full of nervous people!

Well, now, I'm your "Miss Cosmos" Master of Ceremonies, and it will be my job to introduce you to your Contest Hostess for this evening, lovely ex-"Miss Cosmos", Bess Myerling—who will introduce you to your Announcer, lovely McDonald Sneezzy—who will introduce you to our lovely audience—and then turn you back to lovely me!

And then, I'll introduce you to the lovely "Award Handlers" and the lovely "Award Moderators" and the lovely "Award Presenters" and the lovely "Members Of The Orchestra" and the lovely "Stage Hands" and the lovely "Cleaning Ladies" and . . . let's see . . . Is that everyone? I forgot WHO??

Oh, yes! The lovely Girls who will be competing for "Miss Cosmos"! You'll also meet them!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

But first, let me introduce you to our lovely Judges! From the world of High Fashion—Managing Director of the "Z-Front Pants Company"—Sir Thomas Alger!

Thank you, Bert! I'd just like to say that my company will be awarding TWO prizes to tonight's winner—a Scholarship to Lhasa University in Tibet—and a lifetime's supply of Z-Fronts!

Thank you, Mr. Alger! For our second Judge . . . from the world of "Charm and Poise" . . . here is the President of the Lady Sabrina Finishing School . . . Lady Sabrina Finishing herself! Er—Lady . . . ?

Oh, my goodness! That's me! Thank you, Bert, and good luck to all of our lovely, lovely contestants! May the best broad win! And, oh yes, tonight's winner will be invited to attend the Lady Sabrina Finishing School—where we will finish her!

And finally—from the world of "Motion Pictures", here is our third Judge . . . the famous acclaimed Producer—Mr. Otto Pluminger!



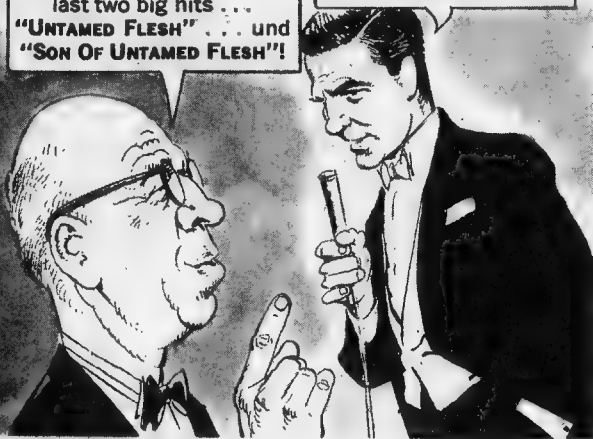
Tenk you! I vant to say
dot I vill personally
audition tonight's
vinner for a possible
part in my next possible
picture—a sequel to my
last two big hits ...
"UNTAMED FLESH" ... and
"SON OF UNTAMED FLESH"!

Thank you, Otto, and
congratulations for
winning TWO Academy
Awards for "Filth"—
one for colour, and
one for black & white!

And now, Ladies and
Gentlemen ... the
moment you've been
waiting for! It's
time to bring on
the crump—Girls!

First—
here is
lovely
"MISS
WESTERN
EUROPE"!

In Europe, she represents the West!
And maybe she'll be voted best!
Her sweetness stole my heart away—
And my watch has also gone astray!
So to any cops out there, I'd say:
Keep your eye on the girl from the West!



And
here's
lovely
"MISS
EASTERN
AMERICA"

In America, she represents the East!
A glance will tell you she's no beast!
She is the one girl that caught my eye ...
She's also the one that got me high!
So if her parents are standing by—
Keep your eye on the girl from the East!

And
finally,
lovely
"MISS
CENTRAL
ASIA"!

There she is, she represents the Middle!
Will she win, that's really the big riddle?
She is the beauty that gets my vote ...
Mainly 'cause she's been out on my boat!
So if the Coast Guard is still afloat—
Keep your eye on the girl from the Middle!



And now, while we
wait for the next
step in our "Miss
Cosmos Contest"—
we make history
with the first
world-wide live
integrated TV
Commercial by
Bess Myerling
for Clairvoyant!

Girls, do you
have a problem
like this poor
child here? If
so, you probably
haven't taken
off your hat!
Er—take off
your hat, idiot!

There! See that mess? If you're like
her, you should try Clairvoyant's new
"Dozen Eggs Shampoo"—the shampoo
that contains one dozen eggs in every
bottle! It's made for dry hair, oily
hair, scrambled hair, poached hair,
and sunnyside-up hair! Look for
Clairvoyant's "Dozen Eggs Shampoo" at
your local chicken-farm tomorrow!

By the way, Clairvoyant are awarding
tonight's winner a FREE flight to Paris
by Jet ... provided, of course, she
boards the aircraft after midnight on
any Monday-to-Thursday and returns
within 14 days ... PLUS—a '67
Chauffeur-Driven Rolls-Royce will be
placed at her disposal for a full two
weeks in New York! Unfortunately, it's
the same two weeks that she'll be in
Paris ... Now, let's go back to Bert ...



Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time now to meet our lovely contestants individually! But first... let's meet them one at a time!

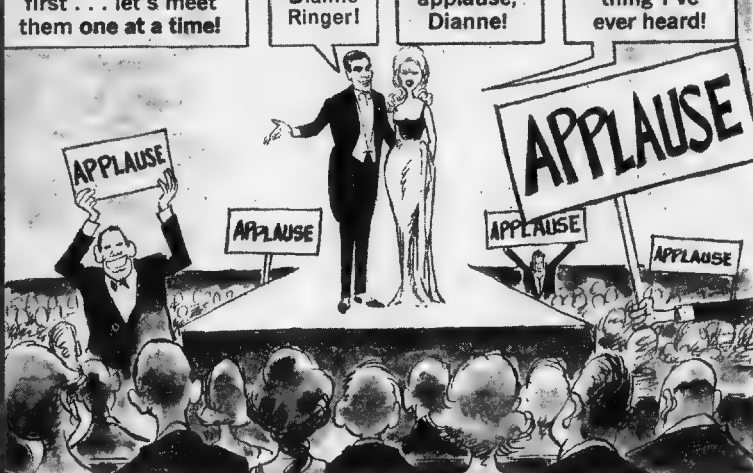
Here is "MISS WESTERN EUROPE", Dianne Ringer!

Just listen to that spontaneous applause, Dianne!

It's wonderful, just wonderful, Bert! It's the most wonderful thing I've ever heard!

Tell us something about yourself, Dianne!

Well, Bert, I'm just like any other ordinary, well-built, sexy, girl! I love life and I love animals and I love children, and I want to be a nurse, and then a doctor, and then an atomic scientist—unless, of course, I lose tonight, in which case I'll probably be a Belly Dancer!



Beautiful sentiments, Dianne! And now we turn to the Talent portion of the competition! I understand you have a very Special Talent!

Yes, Bert! I cook and I knit and I sing!

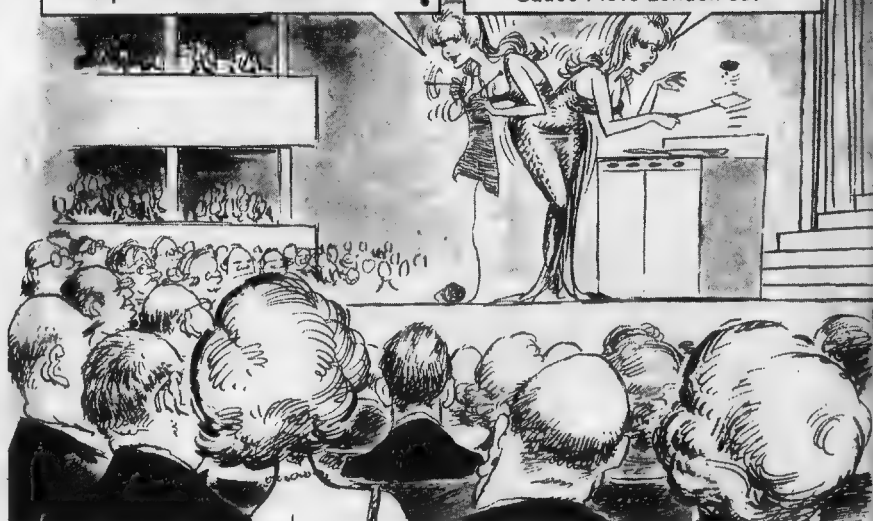
Yes, but I do them all at the same time! Watch!

That's not so unusual!



I wait for you when day is done—
Knitting two and purling one—
How do you like your rissoles done?
Deep in the heart of Texas!

When day is done I wait for you—
Knitting one and purling two—
Perhaps I should have made a stew!
Cause I love London so!



Gosh that certainly was wonderful, Dianne!

Yes, but you'll have to forgive me for being so nervous! I just knitted you a rissole!

Well, that's nothing to be embarrassed about!

How do you like your sweater—Well-done, Medium, or Rare?



Hey... what about me? Am I supposed to rot back here?

The golden voice of impetuous youth, folks! Now, it's time to leave "Miss Western Europe"...

... and good riddance, too!

... and greet "Miss Eastern America"

Are you calling li'l ol' ME??



Ladies and gentlemen, here she is
—lovely **Betty Booze!** Tell us something about yourself, Betty!

Well, I'd just like to say that I love life and I love animals and I love children! But I **REALLY** love them! Not that cheap kind of love like the dizzy broad who went before me has for them!

I mean, I love **Humanity!** And if I win tonight, I'm going to take the prize money and buy all the Humanity I can lay my hands on! That's how much I love Humanity! Sob... I only wish... sob-sob—

There, there! Here's my hanky! Now, what about your **Special Talent**, Betty?

This—sob-sob—is it! I **CRY!** I—sob—can cry at a moment's notice! Sob-sob! Boo-hoo-hoo...

Well... if you'll cry off-stage, we can meet our final contestant—

MISS CENTRAL ASIA!—lovely Rose Blossom! Rose, tell us about yourself!

Well, I love all the poor people, and I love all the sick people... and nothing makes me happier than seeing a whole bunch of poor, sick people! I mean, I feel so—so above them! And I also love sports—all sports—even the sports who aren't exactly millionaires!

And how about your **Special Talent**, Lydia?

My **Special Talent** is deep within me! It's a "**Suicide Complex**"! I can't take any kind of disappointment! I mean, let's just say, for example, I lose tonight! My suicide would be on your conscience! Boy, I'm glad I'm not in your shoes—I'd be in trouble!

That works both ways! If I were in your shoes, I'd also be in trouble!

Well, folks, it's **Judging Time!** While the Judges are making up their minds which lucky girl will be asked to come up with a small deposit in order to wear the diamond "**Miss Cosmos'** crown, here is Bess Myerling with another word from Clairvoyant!

Is it true blondes have more fun? Listen to Mrs. Selma Howzfrow—

Last month, I had dull, dingy, grey hair! Then one night, my husband came home and was he surprised! I mean, he was really shocked!

Since then, he's taken me dining and dancing almost every night! And he's given me jewellery and a fur coat and a new car! And it's all because I found out about that fabulous blonde he was seeing on the side! Yep, it's true blondes have more fun! But we girls with dull, dingy grey hair still manage to end up with the husbands!

So don't let that happen to you, Girls! Get **Clairvoyant "Dull and Dingy"**—the hair-colouring product for the woman with marriage on her mind! Forget about being a blonde and having all that fun! Be a **"Dull and Dingy"**—have all that security! And now, let's get back to Bert ...



Here it is, folks—that fabulous moment we've all been waiting for! May I have the envelope, please!

The Winner for the Best Supporting Actress in a Terrible Musical is—

Hey, this is the wrong envelope! The **RIGHT** envelope, please ...



The Winner, and the new **"Miss Cosmos"** is ... **"MISS EASTERN AMERICA"** ... Betty Booze! ...



This is a wonderful moment for you, Betty! Do you—er—have the small deposit with you?

Yes, I do, Bert! Here it is ... **\$10,000.00!**

Then I officially crown you ... **"Miss Cosmbs"!**

Golly, gee, this is such an honour I can hardly believe it! And I can hardly wait to see all my old friends, so I can lord it over them!



Runner-Up is **MISS WESTERN EUROPE'**—lovely Dianne Ringer ...

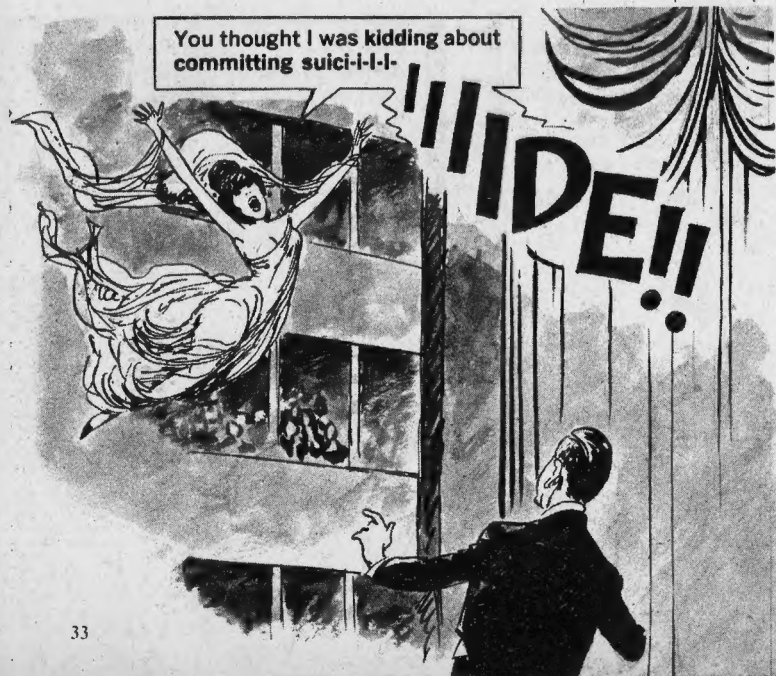
Thank you, Bert! I just want to say, from the bottom of my heart, it's better than nothing!!

Finally, here is the plucky loser, Rose Blossom, **"MISS CENTRAL ASIA"** ...



You thought I was kidding about committing **suici-i-l-i-**

"HIDE!!"



And that's typical of all the contestants in the Annual **"Miss Cosmos Contest"**, folks! She was not only a **"Good Loser"** ... but she was also a **"Woman Of Her Word"**!

Well, that about wraps it up for this year, Ladies and Gentlemen! If you can take this kind of slush and phony sentiment again, tune us in next year! Till then, this is Mrs. Teeth's boy, Bert, saying **"Nighty-night ..."**



A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

It's my front tooth, Doctor! It seems to have grown a lot longer than the others...



Hmmmm! It's just a little loose, that's all!



I'll simply knock it back into place!



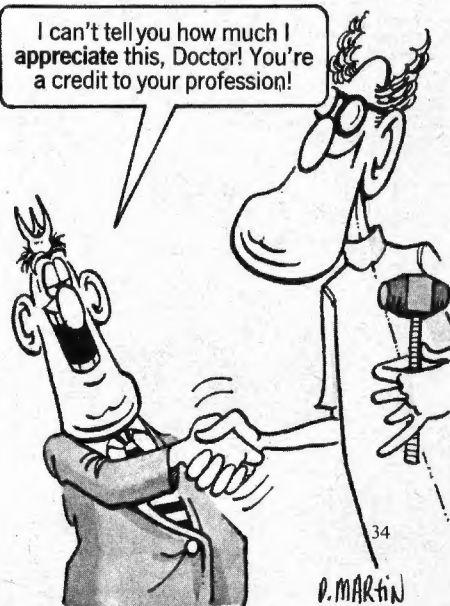
DANG

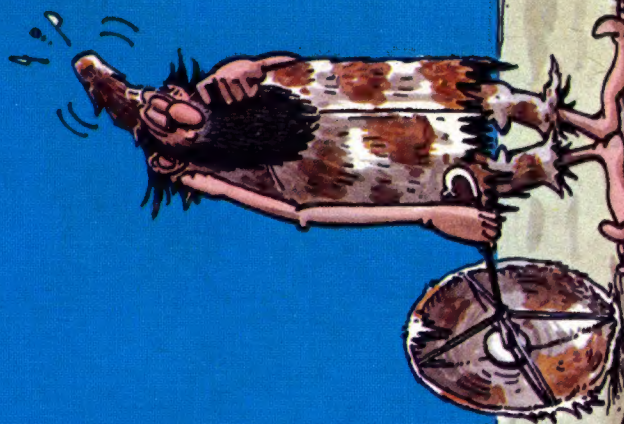


By golly, you did it! I'm normal again! Now I can go to parties!! Have fun!!!



I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, Doctor! You're a credit to your profession!





p.m.c.f.in...